ALEPPO TEMPLE
A∴A∴O∴N∴M∴S∴
OASIS OF BOSTON

Aleppo Temple

A.·. A.·. Order
Nobles of the
Mystic Shrine

OASIS *of*
BOSTON, MASS.

Monday, March 27th

NINETEEN HUNDRED *and* FIVE

Mechanics Hall, Huntington Avenue

OUTER DOOR OPEN AT SIX O'CLOCK P. M.

BUSINESS *and* CEREMONY WILL BEGIN
PROMPTLY *at* SIX-THIRTY O'CLOCK P. M.

"Es Selamu Aleikum"

ILL.·. NOBLES ATTEND

UMPAH!

Salvos of Welcome, Await Them!

OUR Potentate's tongue is vibrating and he is shooting off his mouth. There is tumult among the red corpuscles in the blue blood of our corn-fed neoptic camels from Adrianople; our Holy Alligators from Aboo Simbel having been stuffed to the gills with souffléd ensilage are having conniptions galore: our Sacred Goats from El Akdar having been X-rayed indicate brobdingnagian scabaciousness, all of which augers that "The Greatest Show on Earth" will play 2d violin to the stellar pic-nic we've in store for you and that the Gates of Paradise will be flung wide open, so that we, us & co. being rejuvenated, reinvigorated, resuscitated and reintegrated, find ourselves vicariously on deck with new brooms—warranted to sweep clean!

⚜⚜⚜

Stop, Look, Listen, *O! Ye Unbelievers, to the Wail of the Chief Rabban, which runneth thus:* **Allah is great, and the hearts of all true believers are filled with joy.**

WE learn that a bunch of unregenerates seeketh to come within the borders of our Oasis and abide with us. We will bid them enter after they hath cast off their sandals, and purified themselves. Forty-eight times shall they wash with SAPOLIO and forty-eight times with Ivory Soap and forty-eight times with booyei, making a total of one hundred and forty-four times; thus they shall be purified.

Then shall the Sacred Prayer Rug, which was brought hither from Cairo, be spread upon the sand for their pathway.

So shall they appear before the Ill.·. Potentate and be taught the mysteries of our Shrine and become, verily, Moslems and true believers.

Night Owl Philosophy

Early to bed and early to rise,
Does very well for sick folks and guys;
But it makes a man miss all the fun till he dies,
And joins the stiffs that are gone to the skies.
Go to bed when you please and lie at your ease;
You'll die just the same of some latin disease.

When Papa Took the Shrine

My husband took the Shrine? Well, yes,
He scared me half to death;
He whooped, and yelled, and pulled my dress
Oh, my! and what a breath!

What things, alack! the Shrine must give
To those with folly blind,
For Jack's best clothes looked like a sieve,
His shirt was ripped behind.
His feet had blisters on the soles,
He'd lost a tooth or two,
His very socks were full of holes,
And where he sits was blue.

I placed my hand upon his back,
I tried to smooth his hair;
He gave a yell, my dear old Jack!
And said: "You hold on there!"
He limped around, both legs were sore,
And yet he grinned and grinned,
And limped, and limped, ah, yes, he swore,
'Twas dreadful t' way he sinned.

And when alone, I saw him start
As one does when one dives,
He threw his hands above his head,
Then slapped them on his thighs.
And in his sleep he muttered Mec'—
And something just like—'sis,
Es Selamu, and Pommery-sec,
And, "lucious Kora, here's a kiss."

And something 'bout a great big fight,
And Kaaba, and a stone,
"Hold on the rope, and hold her tight,"
And 'bout his fallin' from a throne.
I wonder what it all can be—
I think his wife should know;
He said it was a mystery,
And women where too slow.

Maybe that's true, yet let it go,
But I've watched the little straws,
And found that Jack is not so
Conceited as he was.
I guess they took him down a peg,
And made him kinder, too;
I find it eas'er to pull his leg
And get a plunk or two.

To wives whose husband get too gay,
Or swell, and think they're fine,
Take my advice, don't lose a day
Until they take the Shrine.

Katib.

Excelsior

The shades of night were falling fast,
As toward the "Future Great" there passed
A youth with fierce and fixed mein
And twenty-five bones in nice long green.
He sought the Shriners.

His brow was red, his nose beneath
Shown like a cherry on its leaf,
And with a muttering voice he said,
"Before I strike my downy bed
I'll be a Shriner."

On Boston's street he saw the light,
Aleppo Temple meets tonight.
Above he saw the claws and fez,
And to himself he softly says,
"I'll be a Shriner."

"Have you the pass?" the *Ice man* said,
That Ice man with the turban red.
"I have it nit," the youth replied;
"If that's the case, just let him slide;
"He is no Shriner."

"Oh, stay!" the maiden said, "and rest
Thy weary head upon this breast."
The youth said, "Not by Adam sight;
I'll join the Arabs, sure, to-night;
I'll be a Shriner."

"Beware the goat, beware the rope,
When once you start abandon hope."
This was the maiden's last good night;
He winked and vanished from her sight
To be a Shriner.

At break of day they found his fez
Stuck in the snow, the legend says;
And he, still holding fast the rope,
Murmured 'tween snores, "Well, now I hope
I am a Shriner."

Then in the morning, cold and gray,
Sleeping, with not a care, he lay,
And from the lips, serene and fair,
A voice came like a singing star,
"I am a Shriner!"

ILLU$TRIOU$ NOBLE$

THERE i$ $omething to which at thi$ eaon of the year the Recorder beg$ to call the attention of the Nobility. It really i$ a delicate $ubject to di$cu$$, but a$ bu$ine$$ i$ bu$ine$$, will $ay that thi$ i$ an important i$$ue; in fact, it i$ ab$olutely nece$$ary for the pro$perity of the $hrine and $ucce$$ful $e$$ion$ a$ well a$ an e$$ential to ble$$ing$ un$peakable in $tore for the Noble$ of Aleppo. Due$ for 1905 are now acceptable. A$ $oon a$ they are paid you will receive your card for 1905.

One of the surest ways for a man to be robbed
of his good name is to put it in his umbrella.
—*Koran, Sura, L C. 72.*

Hamdulillah! Look Ye! Behold Ye! Hear Ye! Carambo!

Any of the rubber-necked Hoi Polloi having hot-box of the jaw or suffering from streptococcus pyogenes aureuens—simulating a Noble—undertaking to take a peek at our sanctum sanctorum without flashing the orthodox Brown card with 1905 emblazoned "onto" it, will be brought viz-a-viz the frozen mug and glassy stare, such as Cassius trained upon Caesar, and handed one on the point of the jaw which will render him an authority on oblivion.

All Nobles of other temples sojourning in this Oasis at the light of the moon are cordially invited to halt their caravan at our tents where the Arab's hearty greeting awaits them.

Seesduweedugookst und Seidlitzpulver? Sultschild und Schwartzburgher! Schwannundsmitundfluegel! Katzenyammer! Wirtzburgerschuft und Schweinekelumpen. All hazogasock der shlobben de hobben und nix comerouss. Lausbub und Schaafskopf mit Schmitt und Schneider und zwei glass beer hobben! Gesundheit mit sauer kraut und pretzels und Pienochle by heinegaboobler und rowsmittem! Slogem on der koop mit a brick-stine und go soak your head mit limburger und doodlesock musik. Erin-go-braugh, und nix fer steh! Wellkommen, Swartzetyfettle, Ehlendslump! Dunder und blitzen, by Anheuser-Busch! Oh pumper nickel! Oh Schuetzenfest! Oh Swilli-willi-wick you hire a saw! Oh cheemny beeswax und hoch der Kaiser!

Cheer up, the worst's to come!
Wurden das ihr slats nicht jarren.
Yes? No?

It's a 16 to 1 shot that this racket can't be skunked, but we need a large bunch of barbaric aspirants from whom to squeeze oleaginous matter enough to make our wheels go round, and our ball-bearings run to beat the cars! So get a wiggle on you!

By the whiskers of the Prophet! Hark! The approaching footprints of His Royal Nibs, our Illustrious Potentate, are heard, who decrees and proclaimeth this:

Fez THE IMPERIAL COUNCIL states positively that the Fez *must not* be worn *outside* the Temple. If you have business across the street that requires your attention, wear anything, a wig if you choose, but your Fez, never.

That BASHI BAZOUKS will be the starter, the pace will be fast and furious, and the a-ro-ma of the alchemists will have permeated, and . . . . . .

Those shall laugh who SELDOM laughed before,
And those who ALWAYS laugh shall laugh some more,

—— FOR ——

The thing that goes the farthest towards making life worth while,
That costs the least, and does the most, is just a pleasant smile;
It's FULL of worth and goodness, too, with manly kindness blent,
It's worth a MILLION DOLLARS, and it doesn't-cost-a-cent.

Ho! for Niagara Falls, in June, 1905

Aleppo Temple has secured fifty rooms in the Cataract House at Niagara Falls for the week of the Annual Session of the Imperial Session of 1905. All the rooms have bath connection.

Now is the time to put in your application if you desire to make the pilgrimage.

The following committee has been appointed by the Potentate to have charge of the arrangements:

Nobles JAMES S. BLAKE,
CHARLES C. HENRY,
EVERETT C. BENTON,
BENJAMIN W. ROWELL,
CHARLES H. PORTER.

The expense, including everything, will be about $50 each, for the trip.

Full particulars will be given later to all who may register their purpose of attending. You can take your wife, daughter or best girl. As the number that can be taken care of is limited, better apply at once.

Apprentice-Shriner

I held the gavel and the gage,
I walked the checkered floor,
My thirst for knowledge to assuage,
And be profane no more.

The Sage's words I heeded well,
They in my heart were laid,
And when the story I could tell,
A Craftsman I was made.

My burning zeal still lead me on,
I sought the inner door,
And ere I left the starry dome
A Master's apron wore.

Again with steady upward march,
With lofty aim in view,
I passed beneath the Royal Arch,
My pathway to pursue.

The sword upon my head was laid,
And in penitence I felt
The weight of Knightly vows as I
In the solemn Temple knelt.

The lights then shone around my head,
From Scotland's classic shore,
The open tomes—the Prophet's word—
Complete my sacred lore.

And yet with all this wisdom won;
With all the honor that is mine:
I know my duty is not done
Until I join the *Mystic Shrine!*

Courteously and Fraternally,

E. W. Powell.
Recorder

James S. Blake
Potentate

206 MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON, MASS.